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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

PACIFIC

QUIET WORK.

One lesson, nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity:

Of toil unsever'd from tranquillity!
Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry!

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,

Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
Laborers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

—Matthew Arnold.

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

THE DEITY OF JESUS.

"I believe in his deity, explain it how you will," says the Rev. R. J. Campbell of the City Temple, London, in one of the sermons which he preached in this country last year, a collection of which has just been published by the Pilgrim Press.

In the one on "The Christ of the Newer Criticism," in which we find this expression of belief, Mr. Campbell says: "I believe that Jesus was all that the Christian Church throughout the ages has declared him to be. * * * A Jesus who is only one of ourselves, a man among men, guessing at the riddle of existence as we have to do, but knowing nothing certainly concerning his own destiny or ours, might be a great teacher, but he is not all our poor human nature needs. We want a deliverer who is a master in other worlds than this and knows it, a revealer who can speak as from the very heart of things and with the voice of God, but whose life is so intertwined with our own that nothing can be true of him which is not potentially true of us."

These are the words of one of the most modern of religious thinkers. Nevertheless at a recent council in California for the ordination of a young man to the Congregational ministry, the question, "Do you believe in the deity of Jesus?" was held by several to be out of place, and the reluctance of the candidate to answer was commended. The thought was that it is best to be reticent about the nature of Jesus. As a consequence some members of the council were not at all certain that in voting for ordination they were not voting into the Congregational ministry a thorough Unitarian. We have good reason for the belief that the candidate was not Unitarian in doctrine. His reluctance about answering was due to a desire to have the question so qualified and explained that the one who propounded it felt that compliance would be to a great extent an answering of the question himself.

When R. J. Campbell said: "I believe in his deity," he added: "Evidently that deity was not inconsistent with a considerable limitation of his knowledge and power in the flesh, or with the adoring loyalty he rendered to the Father's will as though it were other than his own."

Decades ago Horace Bushnell wrote of Jesus: "The simple inspection of his character will suffice to show that he cannot be classified with mankind, man though he be."

Bushnell believed that Jesus transcended the human; that he was a superhuman character. That the character and utterances of Jesus forbid his possible classification with men is mainly the belief of the church today throughout the world.

In his book, "The Christ of Today," the Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon, one of the most progressive of modern evangelical thinkers, writes of what he calls "the essential deity of Jesus," and says in that connection: 'The assertion that Christ cannot be very God of very God, in a sense infinitely beyond what may be truthfully said of all other human beings, is sheer intellectual presumption, is indeed dogmatism of the worst kind."

Dr. Gordon finds the apostolic faith in the deity of Christ to have been an outgrowth of his sovereignty over apostolic life. He finds also that the secret molding influence in our entire civilization is the mind of Christ. "It is out of this consciousness of the indwelling, wide-spreading, and overruling mind of Christ that the belief comes in his essential deity."

Dr. Gordon goes so far as to assert that the difference between Christ and men is not a difference merely in degree. Declaring that the extent and character of Christ's transcendence are such as to call for "a deeper origin in God for him than for the rest of mankind," he says: "We speak of the difference that he presents to all other men as being simply one of degree, and we are thus misled by a word. All real difference is a difference in kind; the tests of more and less do not cover the case. The fact is that they are qualitative as well as quantitative."

It is the belief of Dr. Gordon that "only as we grasp the transcendent relation which Christ sustains to God can we retain for any length of time, and in effective living form, the other mighty insights that faith has won through him." * * * "Lose out of faith the sense of the eternal in Christ, fail to recognize in him the presence of the absolute, miss the fact that his nature is rooted in the Deity and is part of the nature of God, and we let go the sole adequate support for belief in the consubstantiation of humanity with divinity, and the consciousness that Jesus is the moral ideal for mankind. * * * Only a Christ whose antithesis to humanity means the presence of the very God can by his union with humanity assure us of union with God."

One of the most recent studies of the relation of Christ to God is that by the Rev. Dr. Forsyth, an eminent English theologian. In his book on "The Person and Place of Jesus Christ," he comes to the conclusion that the world's Redeemer must be the Son of God—a son in a sense different from what we are sons of God. On one of the concluding pages, Dr. Forsyth writes:

"If we ask how the eternal Godhead could make the actual condition of human nature his own, we must answer that we do not know. We cannot follow the steps of the process, or make a psychological sketch. There is something presumptious in certain kenotic efforts to body forth just what the Son must have gone through in such an experience. God has done things for his own which it has not entered into the heart of man to conceive. It is the miracle behind all other miracle. All detailed miracle was but its expression. It is the miracle of grace."

Dr. Forsyth says that if he were asked what he means by "the Godhead of Christ," he would begin by disowning

certain things which he does not mean. "We do not mean that the whole Godhead and its omnipotence was packed, as it were, into conditions of space and time in that historic person, though the whole Godhead was involved in him and his work. We do not mean that the baby Jesus was the Lord of Hosts except in some sense that would take much explaining. We do not mean that Jesus himself ever so felt. Nor need we mean that at every moment of his life he had an equal sense of what he was. Nor do we even mean that at any moment of his humiliation he necessarily had the full sense of all he was. But we mean that as the eternal son he was the complete and final action of the holy and gracious love of God our Savior; that his holy humanity went up always as an absolute satisfaction and joy to God; that God saw in him the travail of his own soul and was satisfied; that in Christ's historic person God offered himself in his saving fulness to and for mankind with the omnipotence required for his saving work."

Not Christian theologians only, but psychologists also who were not professing Christians have arrived at the conclusion that Jesus belonged to the transcendental world. And they have done so on purely psychological lines. In his book on 'Human Personality and Its Survival After Death," F. W. H. Myers says concerning Jesus: "There is nothing to hinder the reverent faith that though we be all the children of the Most Highest, he came nearer than we, by some space to us immeasurable, to that which is infinitely far. There is nothing to hinder the devout conviction that he of his own act took upon him the form of a servant, and was made flesh for our salvation, foreseeing the earthly travail and the eternal crown."

It is said that Myers came to this conviction along the line of psychological investigation, not along that of Christian theology, not being a professing Christian when he so declared.

Professor Sanday, one of the most noted of British theologians, in a recent study of the personality of Jesus, presents the hypothesis that the deity of Jesus resided in his sub-consciousness and that his waking and every-day consciousness was simply human.

Mr. Campbell refers to this as well as to the conviction expressed by the late Father Tyrrell that Jesus from the moment of his baptism carried about with him a consciousness of belonging to the transcendental world, "of being the Lord from Heaven, of pious expectation, whose mission it was to vanquish evil through suffering, and that he never told this secret till the grand crisis was past."

The judgment of Campbell is that these theories are "more than mere speculations." "They fit in with the evidence; they describe just what we ought to expect if it be true, as all the highest spiritual experience has consistently affirmed through all ages, that there is a transcendental world, and that a mighty being once left it in order to take upon himself our burden and help us to win our fight."

"The Christ of the Newer Criticism" is the one all will want who wish to be modern and up-to-date in their theology. But what is the Christ of the Newer Criticism? Reluctantly the newer criticism has been forced to the conclusion that the Jesus of liberal thought has never existed. "The real Jesus was a very different being from the fancy pictures of him painted by Renan, Seeley, and all their modern imitators." In a description of the Christ of the Newer Criticism, Campbell says: "He believed in himself, not as an ordinary human being, but as the Man from heaven, the Son of God, the superhuman instrument, long expected, long foretold, through whom mankind should be brought into right relations with God. He believed he possessed a consciousness of God such as no one else possessed and that in virtue of that consciousness he could mediate God to the world as no one else could. He believed in his own pre-existence as a necessary corollary to this position; he held that he had already enjoyed a dignity and glory with his father in heaven which he had laid aside in order to come to earth. He believed that he had come to die a death of mysterious efficacy; and that this, and not his teaching, was of principal benefit to mankind."

This is in part the picture one of our modern progressive religious thinkers draws of Jesus as he emerges from the newer criticism. And his question and its answer are: "Was he merely a deluded visionary? If so, we are forced to the conclusion that the sublimest spiritual movement the world has ever known was the outcome of a madman's dream."

Evidently there is need that many should study anew the question of the relation of Jesus to God, who, according to Dr. Stalker, in all the gospels "carefully distinguishes his own sonship from that of his disciples." It was he who declared that all authority had been given to him both in heaven and on earth, and that "all men should honor the Son even as they honor the Father." Imagine this from a mere man! and This also: "Ye are from beneath." "I am from above." "I am the light of the world." "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." "And I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me."

Charles Lamb once said to a group of friends: "If Shakespeare were to come into this room we should all rise up to greet him. If Christ were to come into it we should all fall upon our knees." Quoting these words in an address a few years ago at Yale Divinity School the Rev. E. G. Guthrie said: "I know that there are many who once knelt with me before the Christ who have risen to their feet, but as for me I can only say that still in my heart I kneel, and find I can still sing the old words,—

> "Just and holy is thy name,
> I am all unrighteousness;
> False and full of sin I am,
> Thou art full of truth and grace."

In one of his books Lyman Abbott takes Paul's description of love and puts the name of Jesus where Paul had put love, making this the reading: "Jesus Christ suffered long and was kind; Jesus Christ envied not; Jesus Christ vaunted not himself; Jesus Christ was not puffed up; Jesus Christ did not behave himself improperly; Jesus Christ did not seek his own; Jesus Christ was not easily provoked; Jesus Christ thought no evil; Jesus Christ rejoiced not in iniquity, but rejoiced in the truth; Jesus Christ beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things!"

Put the loftiest thoughts of which the human mind is capable into the character of Jesus Christ, and we fall far short, infinitely short, of what he is.

> "Who art, thou, Christ?
> O Jew, whom thine own generation would not,
> That all the generations might possess. * *
> Who art not and who are forevermore;
> Above all heroes, prophets, poets, saints. * *
> Who art thou Christ? * * *

"A man of heaven come down to help our clay;
"A man of earth to lift us to the heavens!
O for the eyes to see thee as thou art;
O for a heart all-passionate for thee!"

In "The Congregationalist" last week the Rev. Charles R. Brown of Yale Divinity School says that the lower view of Christ's person has not stood the test of use; that the conception of him "as an extraordinary man or as the first created of beings" has not brought spiritual vigor and efficient effort in the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God on the earth.

In a recent study of some phases of German theology, the Rev. Dr. Nuelsen of Nast Theological Seminary concludes: "The Christ who will conquer the hearts of men in the twentieth century is not the bloodless, goody-goody, nor the manly, heroic son of a Jewish carpenter, but the Son of God, the Savior of mankind, the risen and living Christ as he has been preached through the centuries."

Christian people of today are not asking any brief and exact definition or statement of the relation of Christ to the Eternal. But they are asking that there be full and adequate comprehension and expression of his mission to the world, and a sense of a grounding in the Infinite of the authority and power which he claimed to have to take away sin.

Jesus himself said that there were some things he did not know. And yet it is impossible for us to study the scope and ultimateness of his thought and finality of his spirit and fail to agree with Dr. Gordon that these "differentiate his transcendence from that of the greatest and best of mankind and ground his being in the Godhead in a way solitary and supreme."

We know that Jesus was not omnipresent. He never was in Bethany and Jerusalem at one and the same time. Nevertheless we can say with our Dr. Campbell of Southern California: "His presence in the world had not merely the value of God; it was the presence of God."

Mystery? Yes; there is mystery everywhere. The universe is a mystery. There is

"A deep beneath the deep,
And a height above the height;
Our hearing is not hearing,
And our seeing is not sight."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

In Philadelphia women are working as street-car conductors.

The 150,000 Bohemians in Chicago have eight million dollars deposited in banks.

The state of Illinois has only five hundred more churches than the saloons number in Chicago.

Ninety-three per cent of the children in Chicago attend the public schools. Only thirty per cent go regularly to Sunday-school.

Dr. Isaac Taylor Headland, a missionary in China, says that he hopes to see the day when a woman will be president of the United States.

The Congregational Education Society gave aid to 210 students in twenty colleges and nine theological seminaries during the last year. The amount thus used was $8,175.

"One of the most magnetic speakers Boston has heard in many a day," is what The Transcript says of the Rev. Dr. Mark A. Matthews of Seattle, who spoke at the recent meeting of the Synod of New England.

The coroner of Cook county, Illinois, in which is the city of Chicago, reports an alarming increase of homicides in that city. Last year there were 221. London, with a population three times as great, had 33.

Mrs. Amy D. Winship, one of the oldest co-eds in the United States, is studying this year at the University of Wisconsin. She is 80 years old. Recently she finished a two year's course in Ohio State University.

The people of the United States pay for liquor at retail not less than one billion, eight hundred million dollars a year. This is as much as they spend for bread and clothing. This is a great and glorious civilization!

The first church building erected in what is now the City of New York was built on Manhattan Island by the Dutch Reformed Church in 1633. The Quakers built next in 1690 and were followed by the Jews a few years later. Next the Lutherans built. In 1696 the Episcopalians built Trinity Church on Broadway, where its stately successor now stands. The first building by the Presbyterians was on Wall street in 1719. Then the Moravians and the Baptists built in 1751 and 1762; and the Methodists in 1769. The deed for the ground on which the Methodists built contained a clause concerning the preaching in any church edifice thereon for all time to come: "Preach no other doctrine than is contained in John Wesley's notes on the New Testament and his four volumes of sermons." In that day it seems that the churches paid many of the expense bills of the minister. Among the items for this first Methodist church are: "Paid for mending the coffee mill, one shilling." "One set of knives and forks, nine shillings." How strange and mysterious is this item: "1790, March 1. Cash paid for a ticket in the lottery, two pounds." What would we think today of an official board taking chances in a lottery? The preachers were allowed "one quire of foolscap paper per quarter and no more." At that early day paper was costly and a rare luxury.

THE STORY OF THE COMMONPLACE.

James M. Campbell.

Since pitching my moving tent in the little town of Avalon, on Catalina Island, many of my friends have been ringing changes on the resemblance of my situation to that of John in Patmos. They seem to think that I have reached a sort of vantage ground from which heavenly vision may be expected. One of the letters lying before me reads, "Visons a plenty, no doubt." The implication seems to be that there are some places more favorable for visions of the spiritual and eternal, than others. But these good friends ought to know that visions do not come from outward, but from inward conditions. The isle of Patmos, in the Aegean Sea, to which St. John was banished by the Emperor Domitian, is bleak and rocky. About half the size of Catalina, it is equally bare of vegetation. All the help that John got from it was that its natural scenery may have suggested some features of the imagery of the Apocalypse.

Brierly tells of a globe-trotter, who, on the Aegean Sea, with Salamis and the mountains that look on Marathon in full view, grumbled in his ear, "I can't for the life of me see what people find to rave about in these places—a

lot of barren rocks and tumbled-down ruins!" To that commonplace soul everything was commonplace. How could he find what he was not prepared to see? It depends upon what we take with us to Patmos as to what we will find when we get there. I fancy that some of us would be willing to be marooned in the bleakest Patmos for a season, if we could only be sure of seeing something of the glories of the invisible realm which John beheld. But alas, how can we see John's vision if ye have not got John's soul!

As Coleridge has said:

"From the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth."

It is in the soul that the vision is realized which gives glory to the commonplace. In Patmos John would have died of dullness had he not turned his eyes inward and upward. He himself gives the key to his experience when he says, "I was in the spirit on the Lord's day." The things which he saw and heard came to him when he was "in the spirit," and they will come to all of us when we are in the same inward state.

Travelers tell us that Bethel, the scene of Jacob's vision, was a desolate rock-strewn valley. Yet in that lonely spot, that wandering shepherd, sleeping upon his stone pillow, with the stars shining overhead, saw the vision of a ladder reaching between heaven and earth, and the angels ascending and descending upon it; and that place of desolation became to him a veritable Beth-el, a house of God, wherein he and God met. And so may we, from the most forlorn spot on earth, see an open heaven and an angel-crowned ladder. And not in nature's solitudes alone, but in the busy streets, amid the jostling throngs, if out of the heart of our trouble, we call upon God, upon life's dark background,

"Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder,
Pitched between heaven and Charing Cross."

It is small wonder that so many visitors to the Holy Land are disillusioned when they find its outward aspects so uninteresting and unimpressive; but how wonderful it becomes to those who can transfer to it the sacred associations of the past, and thus supply the pigments from which entrancing visions may be made.

Let us be sure that no rock-bound isle like Patmos, or magic isle like Catalina, will in itself bring the vision. Nor will lying asleep on stone pillows bring it. The only thing that can bring it is the anointed eye and the open heart. God is in every place, but men know it not; every common bush is aflame with His awful presence, yet how few are aware of His nearness.

"God is not dumb that he should speak no more.
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor."

A GLORIOUS MORAL VICTORY THROUGH THE CHURCH

By J. E. Squires.

That the Race-Gambling Amendment was defeated by the voters of California by a majority of one hundred and twenty thousand shows that when the people are aroused on great moral issues they will do the heroic thing, and fully warrants the faith and confidence of good men and women in the leadership of the Church of God in moral measures.

But the fact that out of a voting population of about 1,000,000 in the State, we only won by so small a margin shows that we did not begin too soon, nor did we work more diligently than was necessary in the premises.

Manifesting its moral energy through Reform organizations, Anti-Saloon League, Church Federations and woman's clubs, the glory that belongs to Him is readily accorded and we all do rejoice together, and in the coming Thanksgiving service should give God the glory and the praise. The significance of the victory can hardly be appreciated until we know the record of that awful infamy of Race-Gambling in our own State and all over the world and understand that had it carried we should have had this vice fastened upon us for a generation to come.

And further if we had lost this reform measure "Walker Young" law given us by the Legislature it would have meant that we could not with any degree of consistency have asked the coming Legislature to have given us the many other reform measures we now hope to secure through it, when it meets in January, 1913? May I call attention with some sort of city pride to those of us who live in San Francisco, that in the city the measure lost by 3,300 votes, due largely, I am persuaded to the splendid work of our women! Let all who work for a "clean State" take courage and move forward.

THE MINISTRY FROM THE VIEWPOINT OF THE PEW.

I. H. Morse.

An Address Given at the Congregational Conference at Pacific Grove.

"And when he had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the temple."

I am asked to speak of the Ministry from the viewpoint of the Pew. In doing this I find that the subject may be divided into three heads: Religious conditions, Political Conditions, Social conditions.

All are intimately connected with the Pulpit, and, therefore, in attempting to consider the ministry from the viewpoint of the pew it becomes necessary to give the pulpit some idea of the relations of these conditions as seen from the pew and the attitude the pulpit should maintain toward them.

It must at the very start be admitted that religious conditions are not what we wish they were, and what during the closing years of the nineteenth century we expected them to be during the opening years of the twentieth century. To what extent the pulpit is responsible for this condition and to what extent the pew is responsible, who can tell? I do not know that it would be worth while to spend very much time on the solution of the question. The fact is, the pew and the pulpit could not, if they would, divide the responsibility, for there can be no successful pulpit without the whole-hearted co-operation of the pew.

The church stands first. The minister second. The congregation comes and goes. The church remains. If the community is to be affected permanently by a vitalizing influence of Christian living it must be from a large body of Christian believers, who, in turn, are themselves vitalized by a consecrated and illuminating pulpit. Preaching that does not send out into the community men and women with the love of God in their hearts, and the love of man in all their social relations, is like water spilled on the ground. Possibly, it may filter through the earth and refresh and invigorate somewhere and somehow, but it is that preaching which rouses men to sacrifice and service, sends them from the Sunday service into the week-day occupations full of the spirit of the Master who went about

doing good, that is like water directed into channels that nourishes and enriches the soil, and brings forth fruit, some fifty, some an hundredfold.

In a paper written for the Church Extension Society of San Francisco, and afterward published in "The Pacific," and which some of you may have seen, I endeavored to show that the present religious conditions were in a measure the result of the marvelous material prosperity that has swept over this country during the past twenty-five or thirty years; and I was surprised to see the same idea expressed by R. J. Campbell, in a recent sermon delivered in London. I say "surprised," because it, unfortunately, had become somewhat unusual for preachers to admit that there was any prosperity anywhere in the wide world outside of the robber barons, the captains of industry, otherwise the exploiters of the employed, who had, by a series of brigandage (which would make Capt. Kidd and Dick Turpin angels of light by comparison) torn the bread from the mouths of starving fathers and mothers, and chained their children to a wheel of industrial slavery that would make the lash that fell on the backs of the children of Israel a gentle love pat.

All of this, my friends, is arrant nonsense; for the prosperity of the employer is the prosperity of the employed, and from that there is no escape; and the sooner the pulpit and the teacher accept with salt the statements of the politician and the labor leader, both of whom thrive and wax fat on industrial warfare, and without which they would starve, and lead in an effort to weld together the common interests which bind the employer and the employed in an indossoluble bond, a bond that makes for peace and harmony, the better. There is no reason under the wide heavens for there being anything else, and you will agree with me that loud-mouthed shouting of great wrongs always precedes great strikes. The community and the laborer and everybody else must be worked into a white foam before the strike is called. This has been the custom for generations. Let us turn over a new leaf. Let the pulpit demand from employer and employed a coming together in fraternal conference, with a desire on the part of both to get at a perfectly just basis not only between themselves, but with a proper perspective of the relations of both to the public at large.

Cease to sound the call to arms. Cease to invoke the dogs of war. I have been amazed at the apparent belief of otherwise fairly well-informed men that employers exist only to exploit the employed. No greater mistake was ever made. The great mass of employers are concerned with the welfare of the employee; but there are business limitations; therefore, they are concerned with the quality and price at which goods can be marketed; and it is due to this fact that in spite of the hue and cry of the preacher, teacher and political demagogue about the frightful conditions industrially in this land of ours, that never before in the history of the world was wealth so widely diffused, never was labor so well paid, that the very prosperity of all classes has brought about a laxity in the spiritual matters which has faced the church with problems undreamed of when the workingman toiled from sunrise to sunset and far into the night to make the pittance that would furnish bread for his family.

General Sherman was right when he said, "War is hell." But industrial war is far worse. There must be an end to military operations; but the industrial war can be prolonged by designing men interminably, and that is the problem of the pulpit and pew alike. To promote industrial peace is to promote the kingdom of heaven on earth; and if we would seek the mission of the church in the twentieth century we will find it in the promotion of industrial peace, and the laying away of the whip of cords.

Generally, I suppose, we are to follow in the Master's footsteps; but I do not apprehend that every preacher of the gospel, however well or illy equipped, or even every layman, is called to scourge the Temple with a whip of cords. On the contrary I am inclined to think that there was never more than one man who could enter into the Temple and drive forth the money changers, and he was the Savior of all mankind. The whip of cords unwisely wielded never yet advanced the Kingdom of God on earth an iota; and yet hundreds of preachers and teachers seem to have found no other text in the Scripture. Savanorola, Martin Luther, and John Knox hurled their anathemas at all sorts of sin and wickedness of their day, but they did so with an inspiration and knowledge that has told for good for generations; but we can hardly picture them as the prototypes of many of their imitators in this generation who loudly denounce things of which they have no knowledge, and oftentimes men the latchet of whose shoes they are not worthy to unloose. If we are to have a spiritual awakening we must abandon denunciation and abuse. We must bring the Gospel of Peace on earth, good-will to men" to its full fruition.

It has become the fashion, also, in many pulpits to enter the political field, as a rule to the injury of the church. When the preacher enters party strife and supports men from his pulpit he treads on dangerous ground, for the hearer is generally better informed than the preacher, and when some oleaginous or blustering demagogue brings out a panacea for all the political ills of the time the pew very often knows him to be a mountebank and fakir, and can fathom his designs on the public crib very much quicker than the preacher.

This is not saying that the preacher is to have no voice in politics. He can have his private opinion to exactly the same extent as any other citizen; and he can, also, from his pulpit advance great principles that will make for the permanent political betterment of the country far in advance of any possible good he might do by engaging in proselyting his congregation to any particular candidate at times when there are honest grounds for difference in opinion. On temperance, on all moral questions, the preacher has no alternative. He must thunder the truth from his pulpit, let the blow fall where it will. The great landmarks of truth and morality are still inexhaustible, and beyond the capacity of any preacher to develop in his lifetime.

That the preacher must adjust his sermons to avoid the sins of his influential members is now, and, so far as my observation goes, always has been a fallacy; and any young preacher who enters the ministry with that thought in his mind will never get far in his profession.

The pew supports the pulpit for its one purpose of promoting morality and spirituality in the community; and I have never yet seen a congregation that did not welcome and hold up the hands of the preacher who kept that as the chief end of his preaching; but that does not mean

that the preacher has the license to single out, as has been done by many preachers, individual members of his congregation and condemn them publicly from the pulpit. "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness."

Social conditions are proper and legitimate subjects for pulpit attention, and here the preacher is liable to err and be taken off his feet by zealous reformers whose chief end in life is to unearth unclean social conditions, and interpret their causes by their own restricted vision. Many of the so-called statistics are misleading to the last degree. Many conditions are attributed to causes which are easily found to be erroneous. I myself was interested enough to follow a statement made by one of the most celebrated social workers in the country, before a prominent school of Political and Social Science, and I found the statement had been made upon the authority of someone else. I was denied any information as to the location of the plague spot, from both of the parties, and was all the time aware from my own knowledge that such a statement was not and could not be true.

It is the province of the preacher to sift out and to bring to his congregation the facts as they really are. It can be disputed by no one that, if all the energy now expended on social reforms were concentrated on the liquor traffic, in one year that evil would be eradicated; and with its eradication the lot of the reformer would be singularly lonesome, for there would then be practically no poverty or crime to be reformed.

One of the anomalies of the present social reformer is the ruddiness of his countenance. Many of the most catching of reform articles are written under the influence of highballs and gin fizz. Many of the so-called muck rakers are men of most unclean moral lives. All of this must be exposed by the preacher if he is worthy of his calling, and the business of social reform is to be exalted to a spiritually high level.

But, friends, when the fundamental conditions of right living, temperance, honesty and spirituality are inculcated there will be no room for the ruby nosed reformer to teach us morality.

It is not pleasant for us to contemplate that so many of the makers of public opinion through the magazine articles for the past ten or fifteen years are moral lepers, yet if you examine the daily newspapers and the records of the divorce courts of the country you will find that there is ground for such a conclusion. It is true that much of the public opinion of today is the result of articles written for money and to push the circulation of magazines, and for no other purpose.

If we turn to the great political leaders of the past fifty years the result is still more startling. Listen to the words of the most prominent figure in political life for the past half century. In 1860, Abraham Lincoln, in bidding farewell to his friends at Springfield, Illinois, said:

"I now leave not knowing when or if ever I may return, with a task before me greater than which rested on Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in him, who can go with me, and remain with you and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To his care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

Compare this with the utterances of the political leaders of today. Are we still dwelling on the sublime heights in which the prophets of Israel dwelt?

O, my brother, in the name of the living God, in the name of all that this nation was founded on, I beseech you that you turn to the earliest history of your profession, and thunder your message from the summit of Sinai, rather than from the ethics of modern reform! Your calling excels every other calling on God's green earth! To you is delivered the message of the ages!

The great question that confronts the pulpit today is this: "Is this nation becoming a godless nation?" Five years ago an attempt was made to remove "In God we trust" from our coin. A startled religious sentiment prevented the sacrilege, but are we sure that the next attempt will not be successful?

Right at home we find a sad decadence from the days that are usually regarded as the wicked days of San Francisco, and yet in that day no exposition could have been opened without an acknowledgment of the existence of the Almighty, and no great water system would have been dedicated on the Sabbath day.

From unclean lips we hear the cry: "Righteousness exalteth a nation," but written into the life of a nation are these words as well: "The nation that forgets God it shall perish," and the call from the pew to the pulpit is to see that "Righteousness exalteth a nation" falls from clean lips and an upright life, and thunder in tones that cannot be smothered, "The nation that forgets God it shall perish."

A preacher said to me a few days since: "Brother —— has written me that he does not approve the agitation of the mob, but he does not dare say so." Brethren, is it possible that the ministry has sunk to that level? God forbid! Imagine Huss, Savonarola and Luther, and that great army of martyrs whose blood has tinctured the ages remaining silent while their blood was boiling! Does this man represent the ministry of today? Is the day of the "Martyr for the word" forever passed? God forbid!

A great teacher when he started out on a mission of reform applied for a pension for his family. Imagine, if you can, Wendell Phillips or Lloyd Garrison casting such an anchor as that to windward before they poured out their anathemas on the sins of their day.

A gifted and most eloquent preacher, from his pulpit, in tones of startling solemnity, warned his hearers that child labor would bring this country to ruin; but when his congregation got their wind and realized that ninety-seven millions of people might hold their own against a few children that under extraordinary circumstances were laboring under harsh conditions, the solemnity of the language and the seriousness of the condition lost much of its weight.

The settlement worker of the day sometimes forgets that man must rise if he rises at all by his own effort. No man ever yet gained eminence or usefulness by coddling. Let me tell you of an instance that came under my notice. Forty years ago a lad arrived in San Francisco from Italy. He was from the peasant class, with neither education nor means. In 1872 he packed garbage out of residences and factory for a living. In 1906 he lost over two hundred thousand dollars worth of property, and had his bare land left, making him worth before the disaster upwards of a half million.

Out of San Francisco, from "Little Italy" and from

"Little Ireland" from that day to this there have come thousands of hard-working prosperous citizens with no other moral forces to guide them than the church of St. Peter, everyone of them ambitious that their children shall have advantages which they were denied, and self-sacrificing to the last degree to bring it about. This my brethren, is the normal condition in Little Italy," "Little Ireland," and, indeed, in the Ghetto of San Francisco.

The soul-harrowing tale of squalor, poverty and want is the exception, not the rule; and it is the province of the preacher to prevent the making of dependents and to stimulate the independent spirit that would never eat the bread of charity except in direst straits, and avoid superlative language in dealing with such problems.

The problem of social conditions should be met by the pulpit with a working knowledge that at one end of that which we call society stands Mrs. Fitznoodle who gives elaborate banquets to pug dogs; at the other end stands Bridget Petroskey wallowing in filth and degradation, blear-eyed and sodden, neither of whom represent even a tithe of the people commonly supposed to belong to these extremes of human society, the very rich and the very poor. Among the very rich are a very large number of people seeking in every way possible to well and wisely use their wealth to the betterment of humanity.

Among the very poor the great majority are seeking unaided, and successfully accomplishing their purpose of raising themselves out of the surroundings in which they find themselves; and becoming substantial and solid citizens.

Between these two are at least ninety millions of people who are living in peace and comfort, unheard of in the police and divorce courts, supporting churches, clubs, and generally getting more out of life than any people that ever dwelt anywhere on this earth before.

Now, my friends, if it is true that these ninety millions of people are to be submerged by Mrs. Fitznoodle and Bridget Petroskey, then we may as well surrender at once; for if the sobriety and righteousness of this body of people is to count for naught before the silliness and wickedness of the extremes of society, then we may as well throw up our hands, and admit that Christianity and civilization are monumental failures.

My friends, it is about time that the pulpit should raise its voice against this neurotic, hysterical and altogether hyperthetical condition in which we find ourselves, come back to normal and take account of stock, of just what is happening to this ninety millions of people, who are neither abnormally wicked or wholly corrupt, and take the chances of the people becoming abnormally puffed up with a sense of their own virtues.

Let us never forget that modern reform is based on a reformation of our neighbors, while human nature remains exactly the same as it was in the days of Adam, and the most of us need to pay quite as much attention to our own shortcomings as we do to those of our neighbors. Without the revivifying spirit of the religion of our Lord and Master in the hearts of the individual man all of our collective reforms will end in nothingness if not really leaving conditions worse than they were.

Political conditions need not be much dwelt on in the pulpit. If the great lessons of the Sermon on the Mount are thoroughly inculcated the politics of the country will not go far astray. At all events, there is no preacher I ever knew who could successfully cope with an out-and-out politician. Examples of the preacher acting the part of the cat pulling the chestnuts out of the fire load the annals of every large city.

When we come to religious conditions we are on serious ground, and every preacher must answer the question: "Why has the church lost so much of its influence, that it no longer is considered a controlling force in the community?" It is a fact.

It is now some thirty years or so since the Higher Criticism and new theology began its work in the pulpits of the land. Ample time, it would seem, to show results. An old partner of mine used to say "Reasons are not profits;" so I think we are justified in taking account of stock at this time and compare the church attendance today with that of thirty years ago, and ascertain, if we can, if our seminaries are sending out stronger men under the advanced thought, with a message that fills the churches.

I am no theologian. I am a plain business man accustomed to looking for results, and to my mind the value of theology and preaching lies in its results. If the new theology produces more robust Christians, more self-sacrificing Christians, than the old, then let us welcome the new with outstretched arms; but we cannot avoid, if we would, answering these questions, and this question in particular: "Is the Gospel as it is preached from our pulpits today a Gospel that will "through faith subdue kingdoms, work righteousness, obtain promises, stop the mouths of lions, quench the violence of fire, escape the edge of the sword, * * * turn to flight the armies of aliens."

If that question can be answered in the affirmative, then it matters little whether it is called Higher Criticism, or Lower Criticism, Old Theology or New Theology, or no criticism or no theology whatever.

Finally, my brethren, it is for the pulpit to put all the facts and conditions together and ascertain the truth. It is as lamentable as it is true that the church is not receiving the support and respect to which an organization that holds the destiny of the human race within its keeping is entitled.

It is true that the world is to be redeemed and regenerated through the church of Christ and by no other means. The pulpit of today is faced with problems never before met with in its whole history, and it is the province of the preacher to discover, if he may, whether the gospel pure and undefiled as it fell from the lips of the Master has lost its power, whether the church has departed from the faith of the Fathers and because it is lukewarm and neither cold nor hot no longer is the voice of authority and power.

The problem of the church today does not lie in child labor, political conditions, social conditions, labor conditions. If religious conditions were right all of these so-called problems would be well on the way to solution; but with a lifeless church all of these are pressing and a living issue. It is for you, my brother, to establish religious conditions, inspired by the commission you bear from the living God who from the summit of Sinai sent the tables of stone, from the Sermon on the Mount sent the rule of life and conduct, from the Mount of Olives revealed the depths of his love, and on Calvary made the sacrifice that redeemed the world; here you are to find the truth you are to proclaim, and when this is done, be the results what they may, then your calling and election is sure.

"My word shall not return unto me void." "I am the resurrection and the life." "He that believeth on me though he were dead yet shall he live."

MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

Two Executions in Panama.

I have witnessed several executions of murderers in my own land, but in these cases the fearful work was quickly and decently done. But an execution which I witnessed in Panama was a horror never to be forgotten.

Murders were very common, but executions were very rare. The law fixing the death penalty for murder was almost as little regarded as it is today in California, but the authorities, goaded by taunts in the papers printed in the English language, resolved to have an execution. Two old women had been murdered for the sake of the trifling jewelry they wore, and the decree was published that their murderers should be executed. At first, no one believed the sentence would be executed, but when the day was set, and due preparation was actually made, a great excitement followed and many hundreds of men, women and children crowded the place of execution. The appointed day was ushered in by firing an old cannon, which firing was repeated at intervals through the day. I had particular reasons for wishing to witness the work and secured a good position for it. The scene was outside the wall, in the parish of Santa Ana, near the ruins of an old church. I made my way into this, found an old platform which the fire had spared, moved it to a window opening, and so gained a position within ten feet of the tragedy. Two strong stakes were driven into the ground, with "banquillas" (small seats) attached, on which the criminals were seated, with their arms tied strongly to the stakes. A hundred soldiers (citizens, conscripted for the occasion) formed three sides of a hollow square about them, holding back the surging crowd, and a file of a dozen guards stood within this square about three paces from the criminals. Through bad arrangements and awkward handling, nearly an hour was spent in fixing things, during all which time priests held crucifixes before the criminals and urged them to think of nothing else. Liquor was given them freely, while bound to the stakes, and the prolonged agony came to a close. At the word of command the guards "cached" their guns, with a prolonged "click," which could be heard rods away in the tense silence, waited ten seconds, which must have seemed ten minutes to the blind-folded criminals, and at a signal sent a dozen bullets into those bodies. At the same moment the citizen solders faced about, as if anticipating a rush of the crowd, lowering their bayonets as if to make a charge. The crowd, believing themselves attacked, fled, screaming. Men, women and children were thrown down and trampled on, and it was a wonder that none were killed.

Meanwhile, the soldiers reloaded their guns, for neither of the criminals were killed, and again discharged them; but in vain. Arterial blood spouted from the neck of one, dyeing his white robe from top to bottom, and still he breathed. Two soldiers stepped close and fired at the head of one and so finished him. The captain made a soldier point his gun at the right breast of the other, as if he thought the heart was there, and still he breathed on. Then a priest pointed his crucifix at the breast near the throat, but the shot did not kill. After eight separate shots had been fired at this man, he struggled still, and the despairing soldiers left him to die at leisure. At every breath a puff of smoke from his breast showed that a burning wad was within. When at last he ceased to breathe, a brother of his broke through the file of soldiers, embraced and kissed the body, screaming at the top of his voice. Then he ran away and returned with a decent coffin in which the body was carried away. The other body was tumbled into the rough box which many a dead prisoner had occupied before, and dumped into a shallow hole in unconsecrated ground. There will be no difference at the resurrection.

The other execution was as unlike this as possible. An American carpenter, member of a church in Binghampton, New York, had been paid off and carried his bag of silver to his two-story framed house (imported from New York). An American negro, a Guaquil Indian, and a Spanish native, thinkng the bag contained gold, resolved to have it. They climbed a tree close by the window of the room where the man was sleeping, burst in the window, and with large knives carved the man in pieces and carried off the coin. The carpenter's wife escaped in the darkness and gave the alarm. The foreign residents collected quickly and gathered all who had been absent that night from ships or houses. They were sure that the guilty ones were in this band and proceeded to eliminate the innocent. As the residue grew smaller, the negro, seeing escape hopeless, and thinking by so doing to gain mercy, confessed and exposed the others. The trial of the three was short but sure. The other two were hung to the yards of a hulk and the negro put in confiinement. But it soon appeared that the promise of release made him was unauthorized and he was taken into the woods and hanged to a tree limb. The murder was committed on Friday night and on Saturday the three bodies were thrown to the sharks in the bay.

Of these two executions, one was legal and the other lawless. Both were barbarous, but who will say that the second was more so than the first?

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the Rev. A. B. Snider will speak on "The Church and Social Questions."

Two fine sermons were given in the bay region last Sunday by President Blaisdell of Pomona College—in the First Church of Berkeley and in Myrtle Street Church, Oakland.

The Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, the noted author and preacher, gives two lectures this week on the Earle Foundation, Pacific Theological Seminary—Wednesday evening, "The Ministry and Its Place in the World"; Friday evening, "Social Problems and the Church." The lectures are given in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley.

The council called by Pilgrim Church, Oakland, for the examination of Mr. Ernest E. Youtz, voted unanimously for his ordination, and he was ordained and recognized as pastor at a service held on Thursday evening, November 7th. The sermon was given by the Rev. Herbert A. Jump; the ordaining prayer was by Professor J. W. Buckham; the charge to the pastor by Rev. H. R. Miles; the address to the people by Rev. A. W. Palmer. The service was one of exceptional impressiveness, and the whole occasion one of fine fellowship. Mr. Youtz was given royal welcome by his associates in the pastorates hereabouts, and already having acquired a warm and large place in the hearts of his people, he enters auspiciously on the pastorate of this church which from old, because of its people and pastors, has stood as one of the most beloved in our fellowship. This thought from one of the sermons by the new pastor, on the printed program that evening, has more than local application and significance: "Fitted into the great plan of

God working out his moral purposes through us, we will be neither soldiers out of step, nor singers out of tune, but in the security of the divine approval and the fellowship of the matchless leader, we will be working together for a common cause bigger than we know."

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Bernardino.—At the communion last Sunday three persons united with the church, two on confession.

Pacific Grove.—A unanimous call was extended recently by Mayflower Church, to the Rev. B. M. Palmer of Oakland which has been accepted. Mr. Palmer entered on the pastorate last Sunday.

Martinez.—One person united with the church by letter at the November communion. The exterior of the parsonage has been repainted and all bills paid. The fourth anniversary of the present pastorate was observed last Sunday morning, the pastor preaching the anniversary sermon. Last Sunday evening the preaching service was given over to the observance of the World's Temperance Sunday by the Endeavorers. Several short addresses were delivered.

Weaverville.—Sunday evening, Nov. 3rd, Rev. J. Morgan Lewis gave an eloquent address on "Politics and the Triumphant Democracy." The church auditorium was crowded. Half of the audience was composed of men. The address evidently set men thinking for next day it was the subject of general conversation among the people of the town. Under Mr. Lewis' leadership two new young people's societies have been formed: "Knights of King Arthur" for the boys and "Queens of Avalon" for the girls. These organizations have effectively interested these boys and girls in the Sunday school.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

The First Congregational Church of San Francisco held its annual meeting Wednesday evening of last week. About one hundred and fifty persons partook of the dinner which was attractively served by the ladies of the church.

Dr. Aked spoke of the joy in having with them now as church brothers and sisters those who had formerly constituted Plymouth Church. Looking to the future, he stated that the definite projection of their new church scheme was now near, and that he was more and more impressed by the necessity and opportunity. Properly equipped he believes there is a large career of usefulness before the church.

The membership is now 785. Sixty-three persons were received during the year, in addition to the 165 who came in from Plymouth; 26 on profession and 37 by letter.

The total receipts for missionary and benevolent purposes were $5.095. The Sunday-school reached an attendance of 201 on the first Sunday of November. It expended for its support $554.37.

Thoroughly encouraging reports came from all departments of the church.

The work at All Soul's branch, former location of Plymouth, has shown good growth, the Sunday-school and mid-week meeting being well attended.

A visiting committee of 26 ladies has been organized and is doing an excellent work in a pastoral way.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF PASADENA.

One of the great events in the history of the Bible School was the banquet on October 25th. Tickets had been issued to every member of the school above the primary department, and each class had been asked to prepare something for the after-dinner program. The school gathered in the main room and marched to the music of the orchestra, by classes to the banquet hall, where with their teachers they were seated at separate tables and waited upon by the teachers of the Beginners' and Primary Departments and some outside friends. The meal was occasionally interrupted by class songs and yells, and merriment prevailed generally. Toasts were given to "Our Superintendents," "Our Secretary," "Our Orchestra," "Our Teachers," "Our Pupils" and "Our Pastor," and cheers were given for various classes and officers. The janitor was not forgotten, the school uniting heartily in a song beginning,

"Here's to the man who keeps us warm,
Here's to the man who keeps us cool," etc.

The men's Club Class sang a lusty original chorus, claiming that they were "Sixty strong and aiming for a hundred."

Altogether the affair was a delightful success and more than any other social event in the history of the school, was promotive of the spirit and enthusiasm so much to be desired by Sunday-school workers. It will probably be repeated as an annual feature.

The urgent call for help from the Southern California Home Missionary Society gave rise to the suggestion that our church celebrate the completion this month of three years of happy co-operation as pastor and people by a gift of $1,000 for home missions. In line with this suggestion, November has been set apart as self-denial month, and self-denial boxes have been given to all the members of the Bible school. The various organizations of the church, as well as individual givers, are also lining themselves up in this endeavor, and our Conference may have reason to congratulate itself upon its forethought in making Dr. Fox chairman of its Home Missionary Committee for this year.

The pastor is prefacing his Sunday evening sermon by a series of editorials on such live topics as "The Race-track Amendment," "Shall Our Police Force Work Seven Days in the Week," "Why More Men Do Not Go to Church," etc.

TWO UNIQUE SERVICES AT CAMPBELL.

First Annual Fathers' Day.

The pastor of the Congregational Church of Campbell, California, has inaugurated a new plan, that of a Fathers' Day service. We have Children's Day, Old Folks' Day, other special days, including Mothers' Day, and all this time the fathers have been left out. So with the hearty consent and co-operation of his church Mr. Atkinson set aside the first Sunday of November as the first Fathers' Day Service. The building was packed, special music was

furnished by a fine men's quartet, and a solo by Mr. Baron of England. A little souvenir was handed to each one, commemorating the establishment of this service which it is hoped will be taken up by other churches next year. The first Sunday of November was thought an appropriate day, for the crops in field or orchard are largely in by then, and the busy father's work brings him returns for his effort; or if he is a merchant he is just getting ready for the busy Christmas season with its extra work.

The service was such a success that the church at Campbell will make this a permanent feature of their year's work.

An Entire Service Given to the Little Folk.

The Congregational Church at Campbell recently held a unique service. The entire service was given up to the little folks. The pastor, Geo. E. Atkinson, had an ancient Turkish folding lantern to illustrate the victory of the army of Israel over the Midianites, an ancient hand-hammered bronze trumpet from India which has been used for some hundreds of years in the heathen processions and ceremonies, to illustrate the horns the priests blew when the walls of Jericho fell down; two hindoo "Baakas"—native unleavened bread, to illustrate the little lad's lunch used by Christ to feed the 5000. The pastor also gave an illustrated talk on "Candles," using several lighted candles of different colors and lengths; and gave to each one in the primary department of the Sunday-school a centissimo, the smallest coin made by Italy. Big folks as well as little were interested in the service and enjoyed the novel change from the regular morning service.

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AT REDWOOD.

Sunday and Monday, Nov. 3 and 4, will be days long remembered in Redwood, when the First Congregational Church celebrated its 50th birthday. An efficient committee had been appointed at the annual meeting in September to make plans for a celebration that would be worthy of such an event, but some things beyond the plans made by the committee transpired, which made the celebration not only a joyous and memorable occasion, but also a time of great thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father who had entered into our plans and given us above what we had asked or even thought.

It had been timidly suggested that a fitting and beautiful service would be to bring fifty new members into the church, but it looked like such a great undertaking, and it took large faith even to dream of such a thing, but the pastor and people were earnest in the matter. There was no undue urging, no excitement; simply friend talking with friend, and it was surprising how many were waiting for the invitation, and when we came to the communion table on our anniversary Sunday, not fifty but **seventy-four** circled about the altar and were welcomed into full fellowship, sixty of these coming on confession of faith. Truly it was a sight never to be forgotten. A little church of 129 members taking into its ranks 74 new recruits, many of them coming for the first time, and many of them influential men and women of the community! We could only sit with bowed heads and full hearts and say, "Surely God is in this place. This is the Lord's doings; it is marvelous in our eyes." The church was crowded for the 11 o'clock service. The auditorium had been artistically and profusely decorated, the prevailing colors being gold and green. On the platform with the pastor, Rev. C. H. Stevens, was seated four former pastors of the church, Rev. R. H. Sink of Stockton; Rev. L. D. Rathbone, Missionary Superintendent of Northern California; Rev. F. H. Maar of Oakland and Rev. C. C. Kirtland of Lodi; also Rev. Wm. C. Pond, whose presence is a benediction at all times.

The organist and singers in the choir were members of early choirs of the church, and most of them had come from their homes in distant cities to participate in the services of the day.

The anniversary sermon was preached by Rev. R. H. Sink from the text, "And the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." It was a message filled with encouragement, a full assurance of the final triumph of the chruch of Christ. At the close of the sermon the new members were welcomed by the pastor, and the communion service following was conducted by Revs. R. H. Sink and L. D. Rathbone. At the conclusion of the touching and beautiful service the benediction was pronounced by our beloved Mr. Maar. In the audience were many former members of the church, some who had not visited the old home in many years, who had returned to rejoice with us. The season of handshaking and cordial greetings can better be imagined than described. At 3 o'clock we gathered again, to listen to reminiscences of the Sunday school, and learned that the Sunday school was really four years older than the church. The meeting was presided over by the Sunday school Superintendent, L. P. Behrens, who gave an interesting history of the school from what records he could get. Mr. Roy Cloud also gave a comprehensive talk on the Christian Endeavor work as exemplified in our local society. Mr. Beanblossom, who is in charge at Woodside, brought us word from our offspring, as Woodside was for many years a branch of the Redwood church.

In the evening the church was again crowded and the ushers were taxed to find seats for all who came. After the usual services, and two or three fine musical numbers tendered by the regular choir of the church, addresses were made by Rev. C. C. Kirtland and Rev. L. D. Rathbone. Their remarks were based on that grand 11th of Hebrews. Condensing the good things said into one sentence: The great work of the Old Testament worthies, accomplished by faith, could be wrought in the 20th century by the same means.

This is briefly just a morsel of the good things enjoyed on that never-to-be-forgotten Sabbath.

On Monday morning the visitors were taken in automobiles over fine roads, through our beautiful parks adjoining the city and also over the mountain road to Woodside where a glorious view of the whole valley can be obtained.

On Monday afternoon a gathering at the church listened to informal talks about the early days of the Ladies' Aid and the Ladies' Missionary Society, about the struggles and failures, which were far out-numbered by the successes and encouragements. And then came the final meeting in the evening, in the shape of a banquet held in the Odd Fellows' hall, to which nearly 300 persons sat down. In the hall as at the church the decorators had been at work, and yellow chrysanthemums and smilax

were profusely blended. After a thorough and enjoyable discussion of the good things provided by the ladies, Prof. McCrea, as toastmaster, called on all visiting ministers present who each responded in happy and reminiscent remarks and the pastor, Rev. C. H. Stevens, concluded the meeting with a few pertinent remarks on "Fifty years forward." A brief historical sketch was read. The assemblage then arose and sang "Blest be the tie that binds," and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. C. C. Kirtland.

Perhaps a few of the historical events of the past fifty years might be of interest to the readers of The Pacific. The church was organized in 1862, with 12 members, meeting for the purpose in the county court house. At that time there were but sixteen Congregational churches in California, of which six have become extinct. So there are but nine churches of our order in the state older than the Redwood church.

Then there was no church building in the town; **now** there are five comfortable and attractive churches owned and occupied by ourselves, and by our brethren of the Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist and Roman Catholic communions. During the fifty years the church has had twelve pastors who served it faithfully and well. They were as follows: Rev. J. S. Zelie, Rev. Geo. Finney, Rev. Wm. Bartlett, Rev. R. B. Snowden, Rev. Henry E. Jewett, Rev. Geo. Smith, Rev. R. H. Sink, Rev. Wm. Pascoe, Rev. L. D. Rathbone, Rev. F. H. Maar and Rev. C. C. Kirtland. The Church building was erected in 1864 and though it has been turned and remodeled and practically rebuilt, still the frame of the first building is incorporated in the edifice as it now stands. The church has been recently repainted and re-carpeted, and the parsonage, which has been treated the same, presents a very pleasing appearance.

The present pastor, Rev. C. H. Stevens, began his labors with us on the 1st of Septemebr of the present year, and it is with faith and courage we are looking forward, after taking this backward glance, hoping for larger things in the years to come, and praying that in His own time He will present this branch of Zion to Himself a glorious church, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing.

Redwood, Nov. 8, 1912. C. M. S.

WASHINGTON.

Walla Walla, First.—Ten were received at our communion service Sunday, Nov. 3, five of them men, seven on confession, making a total for the year of fifty-five, thirty-six of them upon confession. Last Thursday we announced the first of our monthly church dinners, the dinner to occur on the prayermeeting evening. Each month after the dinner we are to have reports from various departments and a careful discussion of some one matter. In spite of a stormy night there was an attendance of 130, a most inspiring spirit of fellowship and an excellent discussion. The church at that time instructed our plans committee to obtain plans for parish house and church with the expectation of building early in the spring.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

By Iorwerth.

Chewelah.—The Rev. H. A. Luckenbach, has resigned as pastor of this church, and accepts a call to the church at Newport. He has done splendid work at Chewelah, and as a correspondent says, "he will be missed not only by his church, but by the people of Chewelah generally." The Church has been strengthened under his ministry in every way, the membership increased, the auxiliaries made more efficient, and the property improved. In addition to the work of the pastorate, and interesting himself in civil affairs he has made himself especially helpful in county Sunday school work. He is well fitted for the work to be done at Newport and we bespeak for him a fruitful ministry there.

Westminster, Spokane.—Dr. E. L. House, has presented his resignation as pastor of this leading Congregational Church of the Inland Empire, to take place at the close of six years of his ministry in March. He has done splendid work during these years, not only for Westminster church, but also for Congregationalism in Eastern Washington. He has been recognized as one of the leaders in the pulpit and in all good causes throughout this region. More of his sermons have appeared in the "Spokesman Review," than any other preacher. Dr. House is a strong preacher and wise executive. The record of the church during his ministry is one to be proud of, the membership has been greatly augmented, every department of church work strengthened, the building improved and debts paid. The Doctor contemplates entering a larger field of activity, some high grade evangelism.

This makes me think of a sermon I read lately on "Are We Immortal?" by Rev. George R. Wallace, D. D., the predecessor of Dr. House at Westminster. It is a splendid sermon on a great theme, and I thank the Doctor for sending it to me. It is printed in pamphlet form and sold for 10 cents a copy.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The annual meeting of the Oregon City Congregational Church was held last Thursday evening. The past has been a prosperous year under the pastorate of Rev. George N. Edwards. Twenty new members were added to the membership roll, $100.00 added to the benevolences, the Sunday-school has had a gratifying increase in gifts and members, and the three societies carried on by the women of the church have been active and their reports indicate good returns for the labor involved. In addition to the foregoing, the church treasurer's report shows that the church is out of debt and in excellent financial standing. A fund has been started for extension work, and it is proposed to establish a budget in order to create an effective and definite working plan.

At the communion service at the First Congregational Church on the 3d inst. fifteen new members were added to the membership roll.

On the 30th ult. a Brotherhood was organized in the Atkinson Memorial Congregational Church. There were fifty-two men present upon this occasion, and a large proportion of them signified their intention to become members. Rev. Frank W. Gorman and Mrs. Gorman, in the few weeks they have been associated with this church, have shown that they are effective workers, and the prospects of the church are very encouraging.

In the death of Mrs. Mary Leila Davis Packard, an Oregon pioneer woman of 1854, on the 23d ult., all who ever knew her sustained a great personal loss; and particularly her daughter, Mrs. William H. Morrow, of Hassalo Congregational Church of this city, and all the membership of that church. Mrs. Packard was born in Stanstead

Canada, July 17, 1823, of Welch, English and Spanish descent. In the latter part of 1833 she removed with her parents to Chittenden county, Vermont, and a few years later to Oneida county, N. Y., where she spent two years in Whitestown seminary preparing herself for teaching. The education she had prior to this time was acquried in the district or "rate bill" schools in the localities where she lived, as there were no public schools in existence in any part of the United States as we now understand them. Beginning in 1841, she taught in Wisconsin, Missouri, Illinois and Iowa for twelve years. On April 1, 1853, she was married to John Arnold Packard, a native of Vermont, in Dallas County, Iowa, and on May 1, 1854, the young couple started across the plains to Oregon, arriving near the site of the present city of Pendleton on August 25th. While in camp there it was decided by those Mr. and Mrs. Packard were traveling with that they would locate on Puget Sound. So the company went thither, following the difficult trail made by the immigrants the year before—of which the writer was one—and settled on a claim a few miles from the present city of Tacoma, and Mr. Packard engaged in the lumber business. For twelve months during the years 1855-56 Mr. and Mrs. Packard lived in a blockhouse as a means of protection from the Indians during the Yakima Indian war. In the early 60's they removed to Clatsop county, Oregon, and lived there until 1876. During this time Mr. Packard built the original quarters for the military force at Fort Stevens. In 1877 this family removed to this city and lived for ten years, and during this time many persons came within the range of Mrs. Packard's Christian influence which was all-pervasive in every circle in which she moved, and wholly without ostentation. Mr. Packard died in Ashland, Oregon, June 1, 1892, and since then Mrs. Packard has lived with her daughter, Mrs. Morrow, in this city.

Before leaving Canada the Davis family to which Mrs. Packard belonged were close neighbors to the Lee family to which Rev. Jason Lee belonged. Mr. Lee left Stanstead on August 19, 1833, to come to Oregon. His farewell sermon was preached the day before in the Davis house, the text being Matthew 28:18,19. It was this experience which decided Mrs. Packard, then in her eleventh year, to prepare herself for teaching and then go westward with the hope of ultimately reaching the "Oregon Country." And while she was not a missionary in the ordinary sense, yet the influence of her life and example on the frontier in the early days were most potent for good; and in her later life no one could be in her presence any length of time without being deeply impressed by the strength of her character in all the elements that go to make up Christian womanhood.

The State election last Tuesday resulted in numerous surprises. The expectations of a large number of office-seekers have been upset, and in many cases the disappointment of these defeated candidates will be for the public good. This is emphatically true beyond the shadow of a doubt in at least two highly important positions—those of prosecuting attorney of this district and sheriff of this county. The first office will be filled by Mr. Walter Evans, a Republican, and the second by Thomas M. Word, a Democrat. Both these men were mightily opposed by the vicious element in this city, backed up by the saloon and brewing interests.

Owing to there being two Republican candidates for the United States Senate, ex-Mayor Harry Lane, a pronounced Democrat, has been elected. He is a grandson of General Joseph Lane, who was the first governor of Oregon Territory, beginning March 3, 1849, delegate in Congress from 1851 to 1859, and was elected one of the two first United States Senators in 1860, and was a candidate for vice-president on the Breckinridge-Democratic itcket that eventful year. Dr. Lane is a man of strong convictions, of good character, and will be disposed to serve all the people, regardless of political affiliations, to the best of his ability.

Your correspondent is particularly delighted with the prospect of the success of Woman Suffrage in this State. Since the year 1858 he has believed in the right of women to have a voice in the management of public affairs, and has always done what he could to bring that condition about.

The overwhelming defeat of the "Single Tax" propaganda in this state, in support of which large sums of money have been spent by Mr. Joseph Fels, a retired multi-millionaire soap-maker of Philadelphia, is an occasion of great rejoicing.

As to the Presidential candidates Oregon has gone for Wilson by a large majority; and that suits your correspondent very well, although he did not vote for the winning man.

The measure to abolish capital punishment was defeated by a large majority. That was a pet measure of Governor West.

Portland, November 10, 1912.

The Home.

THE MAN THAT TRUSTED IN RICHES

"Joel," said Mrs. McCoy rather breathlessly, hadn't you better go to bed before your father comes?" She had been moving about, assembling the elements of a good supper, instead of the half pie and the pitcher of buttermilk which always answered Mr. McCoy's need when he came home from the bank directors' meeting at Warbeck, but she spoke as if she had been running.

Joel, tall, and straight inside and out, closed the book on his forefinger. He glanced at the clock; it was an hour hour before they would hear the screech of the train at the crossing. "Mother," he asked, "what did father go to the city for?"

She hesitated.

"Was it to see Cousin Theodore Rix about my being a minister? To ask him to put the advantages of a business career before me? And the convenience of full pockets?"

Mrs. McCoy's loyalty to her husband was so much a part of her blood and being that she said nothing, though her face flashed up at him a mother-look of approbation.

"Dad is in for a surprise," he mused. They both looked up at McCoy's picture, a crayon enlargement, so mollified by the art that it might be Brigham Young or Gideon Wells or your Uncle Rufus or a pudding with whiskers; but Mrs. McCoy read McCoy into it, and she moved to the door and looked out to hide the trembling of her lips. She was a wee, wee woman, whose red hair and red temper had both turned to snow; and as she stood against the vast dusk she looked like a girl who had somehow found this world so insufficient to her needs that she had begun on heaven.

There was only one thing to talk of and that was too painful, so, as she came back and sat down, Joel resumed the reading aloud:

"The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind confounded me."

She appeared to listen to "David Copperfield," but she was reliving Saturday. Her husband was her weather. What storm could there be to a homekeeping woman like the storm that had been on her husband's face as he read Joel's letter—his furious word or two before he went out to feed the stock and his steady, settled anger when he came in; his face so red that it frightened her, the white eyebrows standing out from it like foam. The storm did not blow upon her—it never did—but if it had leveled what it menaced, she would have been standing upon a bare world.

"Well, Mary," he said in conclusion, his huge voice gone flat, "this time tomorow night we'll know whether we've got a son or not. If Joel goes off on his project I'm done. I've slaved and saved and squeezed every cent till it squealed so he'd have some consequence among folks and be looked up to; and now for him to undo it all, and throw himself away on some little two by four church—I tell you I'll bury it first!"

"I'm going to the city and give Theodore Rix a sock-dolager. He's behind this. All the time Joel has been in college, Theodore has been putting him into this notion

Because I live in the country he thinks my boy is fit for nothing better than a preacher. I'll take a tuck or two in him when I see him. How'd he like if it was his boy? He puts his trust in riches to foist the rest of us off on the Lord. Pack my valise tonight; I'll take the 5 o'clock."

The reading went on: "Among the ruins of the home he had spoiled—I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him." And she had thought how twice last night she had gone in and looked upon her son as he slept, the light growth of the night shadowing his lips and cheeks. Once his beard had seemed to emphasize his separation from her—her little boy lost in the man—but tonight, as she looked, the withdrawn dignity of his face spoke newly to her. The strength of it was not only Dudley's strength—it was hers, too thank God! That long endurance of hers, that long submission, had been strength, not weakness, and here, in this holy thing that had been born of her, she found it again, to be carried on into phases and varieties of experience which she had never known. Out of that room she had come with a new face, the face of one to whom God has spoken and justified his ways.

The reading went on: " 'No need to have said, "Think of me at my best!" I had done that ever; and could I change now?"—and with infinite compassion her heart turned toward her husband yearning over him for the pain he must suffer, when the rude bludgeon of his "You've got to" should meet the tempered steel of Joel's "I cannot."

His best? She could think' of only two bests—one, when the children were too little to arouse the suspicion of antagonism, and they were all happy together; and the other, his face in church, that overbearing nature of his overborne by the fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom, and which he had never outgrown into the love of God—which is the end of wisdom.

"Is that the end of the chapter, Joel? There is the train whistling at the crossing. Better go now, love." She kissed and pressed him and he left her.

When McCoy came in he pushed past her and looked about the room as if it were strange to him; then he sank into his chair and dropped his half-bushel of hair and head into his hands.

"Well, Dudley, how was it?"

He made no answer. But that meant nothing; she had got her white hair waiting for Dudley to answer her questions.

" 'Twasn't as I expected," he growled.

"Oh, Dudley," she murmured, "I wouldn't let it distress me. City folks get that way."

" 'Twasn't that way," he said impatiently. "Mary, I'm the rich man in the Bible."

"Dudley, are you crazy? I thought you thought yourself poor?"

"I do think so. But I'm afraid the Lord don't see it that way."

He raised his sullen face and looked about him, his truculence so softened that she was frightened.

"Rix met me at the train himself; with his white mustache, a-smiling, he looked, well—he looked kind of sweet. He seemed glad to see me, but I was looking for slights, and I tell you I wouldn't have took much off him. Next day was Sunday and we went to church. His wife's kind of starchy, and I heard her say to him in the hall, 'You ain't goin' to wear that coat?' Then she hushed up quick; so I take it he has a tailcoat. But he wore one just like mine. And after church he introduced me to a sight of men and they treated me courtly. Had some of 'em around to eat next day, and one of 'em was so friendly that I thought he wanted to borrow money of me. But my land. Mary, it was Siddons, that's got more millions than I have head of stock! They're comin' down Thanksgivin'. Do you care?"

' Are their wives coming?"

"No."

"Then I don't care."

"That's one thing," he parenthesized. "He's got everything mighty comfortable, but he's got an awful hard-featured wife. I'd hate to be married to a woman that wasn't pretty."

Mrs. McCoy's face crimsoned. She had been the plain sister, and he used to know it very well. But he had forgotten.

"Come to supper, Dudley," she said.

He bowed his great head for the customary moment, then began to eat, with the singular indifference of a man whose mind is elsewhere. "Mary, he had prayers. I always thought you ought to signalize the occsaion with due solemnity, kind of like a death in the family, and I didn't approve of the way he set there and smiled over his glasses at Phil. But it was—it was awful comfortable," he whispered, and in the hard eyes the wife saw a novel moisture, like dew upon a stone.

"After dinner he took me into the settin' room, and he says, 'Dudley, I've something to tell you.' My boy Phil is goin' to Africa as a missionary. I says, 'My land! Ain't you goin' to do anything about it?'

"He laughed, kind o, and he says, 'I felt that way at first.' He says, 'Dudley, they say you ought to give till it hurts. Ever do it?' I says, 'Why, I never give a dollar without its hurtin' me, and hurtin' bad; every dollar I've give away, like every tooth I've lost, come hard and went hard.'

" 'But you've got plenty of both left,' he says. Then he said he guessed he hadn't give till it hurt, and he says, 'But now the Lord has give me a chance to pay all back accounts, Dudley.' "

Mrs. McCoy listened breathlessly, her blue eyes bluer than anything in the world except just blue eyes.

"He said there was a time, there, just before Phil went to college, when he was a little bit anxious; and if Phil had turned out to be the cigarette, joy ride kind of a boy, they had figured out just what they would do with the money, and Phil would have to go to work. But he says, 'He isn't that kind, and we think we'll let him have the fun of blowin' it in.' "

"Did you tell him about Joel?"

"No," said McCoy crabbedly, 'he knew already; and he said Joel give Phil his start—he said if it hadn't been for Joel, Phil would never have—

"I told him if it was me, Phil would have to choose between Africa and his pa's money, and he says, 'Why, Dudley, if you don't look out you'll be the fellow in the Bible that trusted in riches, and told his soul to take its ease.'

He straightened up and frowned.

"Pshaw, Theodore is soft! Why, I'd just as soon take my orders from your sister Pauliny, just because she's got a kind o' sweet-lookin' face, and power in intercessory prayer. Why, she ain't got a cent to bless herself with—He stopped suddenly, the rich man out of the Bible, and looked about him confusedly; then he asked, "Where's Joel?"

"He's gone to bed."

"Joel," he called, "ca'nt you come down and shake hands with your father? If you're going to be a preacher you'll have to learn to be sociable."—Mary Clough Johnston, in The Continent.

For The Children.

KATHERINE DIDN'T THINK.

"Always late to breakfast," said Esther, the maid, as she began to gather up the dishes from the breakfast-table, and found Katherine's plate still untouched. It was ironing day; Esther had a great deal to do, but she must keep the little girl's breakfast warm, and stop her work afterward to clear up the table.

That is the way it had been almost every morning since Katherine had come to stay with her Aunt Pauline, while her father and mother were away on a journey. Esther liked children, and was very kind and patient with the extra work; but she often wished the little girl would eat her breakfast with the others, especially on days like this, when there was so much to do she hardly knew where to turn.

This particular morning, however, things were to be different.Katherine had come sleepily into the dining-room and wsa slowly eating her oatmeal when Mattie Harris, the little girl next door, came running in.

"Why-ee!" cried Mattie. "Haven't you had your breakfast yet?"

"Just eating," Katherine laughed, pushing a plate of cookies toward Mattie. "Won't you have one?" she asked.

"No, thanks; but what does Esther say when you keep the table standing like this?" Mattie rattled on. "Our Mary wouldn't like it a bit; it would put back her work dreadfully."

Katherine stopped with a spoonful halfway to her rosy mouth, and looked wonderingly at Mattie.

"Why, I never thought of that," she said. "I don't think Esther minds."

"Maybe she doesn't say anything, but I just know she does!" Mattie declared. "Why, it's ironing day, and that's the day Mary always wants the breakfast out of the way as quick as she can have it!"

Katherine looked up at the kitchen clock, swiftly ticking away the minutes.

"We've always boarded," she said slowly. "I never thought it mattered if I was late. But I've got time to wash up these things myself," she added briskly, slipping from her chair.

"And I'll help," Mattie chimed in promptly.

When Esther came downstairs a little later the kitchen was all cleared up and the girlies had run off to school. Esther's face brightened. "The lassie means all right," she said, as she wiped off the irons and put them over to heat. "She didn't think—that's all!"

Next morning found Katherine in her place with the others; she looked bright and wide awake; there was plenty of time for play before school, and lessons seemed to go better.

"I like getting up early," she told Mattie at recess. "I feel lots better, and I'm sure Esther was pleased, from the way she smiled when she said 'Good morning!' I never thought, you see, that it made any difference to her.

"Mamma says it is just not thinking that makes most of the trouble, anyhow," Mattie said, giving Katherine's hand a little squeeze. "But I think it's perfectly dear of you to try so hard now that you know!"—Weekly Welcome.

THE FOREST BIRCH.

Beside the forest stream she stood
  Arrayed in robes of green;
The sunlight fell in golden flood,
  And dripped the leaves between.
The lichens kissed her form, and clung
  Pale handmaids to her grace.
She rose a queen the woods among,
  Full royal in her place.

And as the loving soul that longs
  In dreams of joy lies stilled;
Her branches breathed a thousand songs
  Half silent, all enthrilled.
Their quivering rapture kissed the breeze
  Where high her beauty grew,
Above the heights of lesser trees
  She smiled to heaven's blue.

—Isabel S. Mason.

If one looks upon the bright side
It is sure to be the right side,
  At least that's how I've found it as I've journeyed through each day;
And it's queer how shadows vanish,
And how easy 'tis to banish
  From a bright-side sort of nature every doleful thing away.—Mary D. Brine.

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Jerome K. Jerome, the well-known humorist, while crossing the Atlantic, was leaning over the rail one morning when the information field tapped him on the shoulder. "Sir," he said, with a wave of the hand, "do you know that, if the earth were flattened out, the sea would be miles deep all over the world?" Mr. Jerome looked impressed. "Well," he replied, with the vestige of a smile, "if you catch any one flattening out the earth, shoot him on the spot. I can't swin."—Sel.

FRIENDS IN DISGUISE.

The farmer makes some queer mistakes about the little folks of fur and feathers who live on his domains. For instance, he calls the field mice his enemies, because they make their nests in his clover field. But wait until spring comes. The bumblebees will fit up the empty rooms of the small mansions and proceed to raise large and industrious families there. Everybody knows that the bumblebees fertilize the clover blossoms, flying from one to another, and distributing the yellow pollen dust that clings to their feet, bodies, and other parts.

There is a funny old saying in the rural districts that tells the whole story in a few words: "No cats, no clover." The cats kill the meadow mice; the mice give homes to the bumblebees and the bumblebees insure a perfect clover crop.

Some farmers hate the sparrow hawk, and say he steals the chickens. As a matter of fact this bird lives mostly upon small mammals, mice, chipmunks, squirrels, and the like. He is a fine mouser, and is often seen hovering above a certain field, then suddenly swooping down and flying off not with a chicken, but with a tiny meadow mouse.

No creature of the wild is more heartily detested than the skunk. He has a reputation as a poultry thief, but in reality his food consists mostly of vermin and all sorts of insects. Nature evidently fitted him for the work of destroying insects instead of robbing hen roosts.

The mink is another creature with an evil but ill-deserved reputation. Both mink and skunk are "mighty hunters" of small game, being bitter enemies of rats and mice.

Many other creatures that seem to be mischief makers and are hunted and killed by the farmer are in reality his best friends, his helpers in disguise, and they deserve his good wishes instead of his hatred.—E. A. Matthews, in Our Dumb Animals.

There was a young lady from Kent
Whose grammar was terribly bent;
She said to her flame,
"Im glad you have came,
But I'll miss you so much when you've went."—Ex.

Teacher: "I would like some one in the class to define the meaning of vice versa."

Bright Boy: "It's sleeping with your feet toward the head of the bed."—Ex.

Recruit: "Please, sergeant, I've got a splinter in my 'and."

Sergeant-Instructor: "Wot yer been doin'? Strokin' yer head?"—Punch.

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